

The

Auburn

CIRCLE

General Interest Magazine



COLLEGE WOMEN TODAY (page 6)

Also: GREEK POLITICS - TWO OPINIONS,
A VISIT TO GUATEMALA,
WORKING AND GOING TO SCHOOL

Plus: POETRY,
FICTION,
PHOTOGRAPHY

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The Auburn
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General Interest Magazine

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Contents

Features

Assertiveness Is Not a Bad Word by Deborah Shaw	6
Greek Leadership by Shara Gray	10
Greek Politics by T. Franklin Harris Jr.	11
Work and School: Can It Be Done by Tonya Ponds	20
Guatemala by Wynne Johnson	22

Fiction

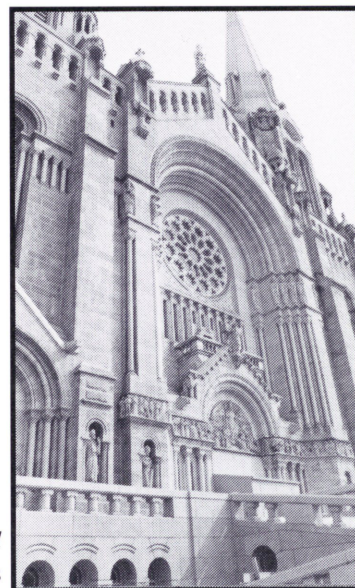
1862 by Kenny Moore	4
Real Stars by Marie G. Hodges	16
A Cloud Boy's Son by Mark Smith	26

Poetry

Order of the Bee by Ginny Sawyer	9
Shiver by Chris Campagna	15
Black Coffee by David Dyas	21
Will Not Consume by Jake Adam York	25
Four Glimpses of Night by Susan Chaplin	31
A Maritime Evening by David Dyas	32

Photography

Untitled Anne M. Estes	13
39.4 per gallon by Kevin Owens	14
Bicycle by JAM	15
City Explosion by Kevin Owens	18
Huntsville's Finest by Kevin Owens	24
Stephanie Says She's Naked But She Ain't by Mike Goodson	30



Quebec Cathedral
Mary Carroll Burns

1862

by Kenny Moore

He couldn't believe William, his brother, was dead. Jeffrey had been to Holly Springs to get flour, bacon, and tobacco for his mother, and afterward looked at the killed/missing list that was always posted on the door of the Parson's store. He saw many names he recognized, mostly old friends from around Tippah County, but never expected to see William's. It read in black cursive, "William Forrest—killed—Battle of Corinth, Mississippi."

A lump grew in his throat as he backed away from the door into the red dirt of Beauregard street, named for the hero of Manassas and Fort Sumter. He thought about the many fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters he had seen erupt in grief after reading of a loved one's death. Never did he expect to be in their situation.

How would he tell his mother Will was dead?

Will was dead.

Jeffrey held back the urge to cry. He clinched his fists and walked down to the planks of the porch lining the square. He tried not to show anyone he was upset. People were all around. Slaves were unloading fat, square bales of cotton from the wagons parked along the street. His new grey uniform caught people's eyes, though. They all seemed to notice him. A defiant tear began to swell in the corner of his eye. He couldn't hold it back so he quickly wiped it away while looking into a store window. He couldn't cry. He was going to be a soldier in the Confederate army. "What would they think if a cavalryman, ready for battle, was crying?" he thought.

It was August 1862, and Jeffrey had just turned eighteen. The next day he was leaving to join his broth-

ers in the fight. Nathan, William, John, and Jesse were already battle-hardened veterans. He had joined the Fortieth Mississippi Calvary and was a lieutenant because of his brothers' reputations as capable leaders. "The five of them would whip every Yankee around," he had thought. Nathan had already killed five men at Shiloh earlier in the year and was, himself, wounded, but recovered in two weeks. Jeffrey had heard of the defeat at Corinth but never expected this.

He mounted Joshua, his horse, and galloped down Beauregard street past Myer's Hotel, the town depot, and City Hall where the Stars'n Bars flew. He thought about William. Did he die bravely? Was he in pain? Did he think about his family? He hoped William killed the Yank who took his life.

Dust was getting in his mouth because of a carriage up ahead. Its horses and narrow, spoked wheels were leaving a wall of dust. It was hot and moist that day. He came up beside the black carriage at a gallop and looked at the two women

inside. The older one stared, her wrinkled face framed by a pink bonnet. Jeffrey heeled his horse and passed them thinking, "Mama."

How would he tell his mother William was dead? Should he just leave the next day, knowing she would eventually get to town and read the list? Or should he tell her, risking her disapproval of his desire to fight? She had understood his urge, and told him to join when old enough. But Jeffrey was afraid this changed everything. Will was dead. He thought about the war. The Yanks were already inside Mississippi, and, after Corinth, they were free to roam from Iuka to Oxford. Holly Springs was in danger. Plus, gunboats were already shelling Vicksburg. He had to fight. He had to defend his state and home or he would be a coward. He thought Will would want him to

fight. But what about his mother? Would she be safe with the Yanks around?

He crossed the Duck River, Joshua's shoes clapping on the wood. The McKenzie's mansion was on the hill overlooking the river. Their boys didn't have to fight because they had enough slaves to make them exempt. The sight of the red brick house with white columns made him angry.

He remembered how he and Will went fishing at that mud hole after church. They would sweat a lot, scratch mosquito bites, and watch the minnows pick at the insects on the surface. The locusts and cicadas sounded off, breaking the silence of the atmosphere. He and William once began to wrestle and ended up in the water. They sneaked into their house afterward because their mother would have been angry and, "gotten a switch after them" if she had known.

Jeffrey rode sweating into the shade of the forest. His uniform wasn't so comfortable anymore. The gold buttons were duller, the yellow collar was tight, the wool was hot and scratchy, and his sword bounced off his leg making it a noisy burden. His black boots were tight. He didn't feel like much of a soldier.

What about his mother? He neared their house, a plain home that Nathan bought them before the war. It was white, with wooden floors and a limestone fireplace.

As he approached, he saw his mother outside filling a metal pail with water at the shale well out front.

She had on a dark grey dress, her sleeves rolled up, exposing her tanned forearms. Her hair was dark brown, and was up except for a few strands that hung in her face. Her hands were tough and worn from years of work. She raised five boys almost by herself, because Jeffrey's father died when Jeffrey was only two. She lost three girls to the fever that raged through Mississippi and was the toughest woman Jeffrey

two cloth bags of supplies and started to walk Joshua to their weathered grey barn.

"Any news?" she asked.

Jeffrey looked up, and her grey eyes were looking at him as if she knew. "Yeah," he replied. That defiant tear began to grow out of the corner of his eye again.

"Which one?" she asked solemnly.

"William," he answered.

His mother took the bags of supplies from Jeffrey with a look of cold stone on her face and walked toward the house. She didn't say a word.

"Mama?" Jeffrey said as she walked away, but she made no reply and shut the door behind her.

Jeffrey was standing in front of the mirror the next morning, buttoning his wool uniform. He picked up his long, curved saber and wrapped the belt around his waist. He was worried about his mother. She had retreated to her room the night before and didn't return. He put on his hat, one edge curved up, and walked outside to prepare



Illustration by Wynne Johnson

had ever seen. Her five boys, although soldiers and leaders, always were submissive and polite in her presence. She didn't talk much, but everyone knew when she was mad.

He saw her look, hearing Joshua's trot. He cleared his face of any signs of emotion as he neared.

"Did you get everything I asked you to?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," Jeffrey replied. He got off his horse as the worries in his mind increased. He untied the

Joshua.

His mother was standing in front of the house holding Joshua's reins. He was already saddled. She had tears running down her face and hugged Jeffrey. She squeezed him tight for several moments. He felt like a little boy again. He felt her strength and solidity. He felt her love and confidence. "She will be fine," he thought. She slowly let go, looked at him, and said, "Join your brothers."

Assertiveness Is Not a Bad Word

by Deborah Shaw

The differences in behavior must be recognized, understood, and supported by students, administrators, and faculty on the college level. Young college women (18 to 24 years old) may bring with them from home a societal expectation to fulfill the role of the traditional woman -- nurturing, agreeable, nonassertive. It may be difficult for them to increase their repertoire to include assertive behavior. Those who work closely with young college women need to serve as mentors to them, encouraging leadership and personal growth and development.



*Auburn's first three
women students -
Class of 1894*

Women and men feel and think differently, and these differences must be considered when working with college students and attempting to understand their behavior. Many college women were raised to exhibit traditionally feminine characteristics, such as being soft-spoken, always understanding, and noncompetitive as opposed to being strong, direct, opinionated, and competitive. These are societal expectations. When women enter college, they may experience some difficulty adjusting to an environment that encourages differences in opinion, an environment that should encourage women or at least offer them opportunities to be strong, independent, and expres-

sive individuals. Some women have an easier time with this adjustment, and they are usually women who were raised in a family that helped build self-esteem, a family that encouraged independence and activities that fostered self-confidence and self-worth.

Leonard and Sigall (1989) developed a leadership model for women student leaders which includes four categories of women -- described in four quadrants -- according to strength and weakness on the two variables of leadership skills and awareness of women's issues. They indicate a concern that college women do not have enough role models in the university setting to promote strong self-esteem and more assertive behavior in women. College women may sometimes struggle to obtain leadership positions on a campus. They may feel intimidated by male leaders they perceive as being very dominant. They may be labeled "pushy" if they speak forcefully concerning a particular issue. Women may view "power" as a negative attribute ("powerful" is not a traditional feminine descriptor) and may not want to risk being rejected. When they are willing to take this risk, they are sometimes ignored by dominant male student leaders. It takes a strong woman to overcome this barrier, and many who successfully do are sometimes labeled in a negative way by the men involved.

It is important to distinguish between assertive and aggressive behavior among women. Assertiveness is stating what is on your mind in a courteous but very direct manner. Aggressiveness steps over this line, anger being more evident. Another form of behavior is passive, which is not voicing your opinion at all. Many of us were raised to not feel very comfortable exhibiting assertive behavior, choosing a passive role instead. College often brings experiences in which women want to take a more active, powerful role. The desire to

be a strong leader should be encouraged by faculty and administrators as well as other young women.



Emily Hixon (1921)

Relationships are important to women -- relationships with family, men, faculty, and other women. Sometimes relationships may be affected by choices women make. Women often feel alone in their choices: "The young woman feels at times overwhelmed with options and fearful of ultimately being alone in her choices. To take a stand against others means to isolate herself socially. She fears that engaging in combative measures in support of her opinion may antagonize and jeopardize her connections to others" (Belenky, Clinchy, Goldberger, and Tarule, 1986). Some young women prefer to take the nonjudgmental stance in situations in which relationships may be involved. They want to be liked by others and are hesitant to say or do something that could be antagonistic.

It has already been said that women and men think differently, but women also think differently from each other. Some women exhibit assertive behavior, while others frown upon it. Some women would support other qualified women running for a top student leader office, while others would prefer to see a man in that position. Communica-

tion between and among women should increase, as well as improve. Women should support each other in the efforts they make to improve themselves. Women should be honest and direct with one another. It is important that college women learn to deal with conflict and confrontation, and assertive behavior is needed to do so effectively.

The behavior of young college women today is more progressive and direct than twenty years, or even ten years ago. Yet more progress is needed. I have worked with college students on the Auburn University campus for over ten years. I have been pleased to see college women in top leadership positions. However, these women have been few. Over the years, many of these women have expressed their concerns to me about the difficulties they have faced in working in leadership positions with mostly college men. They are often left out of decision-making procedures, are often ignored in group situations, and quickly learn about "the good old boy" network they will never be a part of. Like it or not, student leadership at Auburn is dominated by men, as is our administration. While some of our college women leaders are having some difficulty adjusting to the leadership styles of men, it is a

wonderful learning experience which will greatly assist them in the "real world." Women can and do adjust, many very successfully. Learning and practicing assertive behavior is vital to becoming a strong, effective leader.

There are numerous methods and services young college women should request (and a university should offer) to encourage their personal growth and development and to build their self-esteem. Some of these ideas are being implemented on the campus of Auburn University, others are still to be addressed:

1. Women's educational programs should be offered regularly, covering health issues, self-esteem building, and communication. Women must learn to communicate better with other women in order to form more trustworthy, supportive relationships.

2. A mentor program should be developed to pair women faculty and administrators with college women. This program would provide an opportunity for strong, professional women leaders to personally interact with students, thus providing positive role models.

3. Strong support should be shown for women's groups on our campus, such as women's service organizations, women's fraternities/sororities, and the Women's Caucus.



Toni Tennille and the Auburn Knights



Photograph by Jennifer Acevedo

Alicia Hamilton, WEGL disc jockey

All of these organizations provide opportunities for women to grow and develop and to become strong leaders.

4. Encouragement and support should be shown to college women who desire to become candidates for positions traditionally held by college men. This support should continue as they are elected/selected to high offices.

5. No one should tolerate degrading and offensive behavior directed toward women. Individuals involved in inappropriate activities should be educated and disciplined. Sometimes these actions result from ignorance, not intent; sensitivity to this issue must be encouraged.

who have taken risks and succeeded. Shame on college men who may be so insecure with themselves that they resent women in positions of authority and give them a hard time. "Roses" to those individuals who are actively encouraging strong leadership among college women on this campus ... "Thorns" to those who feel threatened by women and put barriers in their way.

Many college women have proven they can make strong, positive, and sometimes tough decisions concerning their welfare and the welfare of others. The strong and positive behavior of women should be recognized and appreciated by university and student leaders.

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I applaud these college women

Order of the Bee *

by Ginny Sawyer

"Je suis
petite"
as I furiously flit
my wings,

burrow
my rows,
a hair-covered ligula,
tubing up

the goo--
a dew
from clover's feet. Yet my drops
on tongues

baptize
the child
who doesn't know sin. Taper
of pure

wax -- good
for God's
church, my industry. Pagan
nectar,

my myth.
I whirl
and land on St. Ambrose's lips.
I quit

eating
honey
I'm worn,
"mais mes piqures sont profondes."

*inscription by Louise de Bourbon

Greek Leadership

by Shara Gray

Sorority. Fraternity. Greeks ... What types of images do these words conjure up for you? Do these words throw you into "Animal House" flashbacks -- John Belushi on a beer run, snobbish rich girls waiting for that precious fraternity pin, toga parties, and panty raids? Before I came to college, that is what "Greek Life" meant to me. But when I arrived at Auburn, I immediately found that I was quite misinformed. From the first day of that exhausting week appropriately called "Rush," my pre-conceived notions of the Greek system were destroyed. Four years have passed since then, and, although I must admit to one toga party, I have seen little of the "Animal House" I expected to find. What I have seen is a system that encourages individual excellence in a fair and honest manner. The question at issue is whether, on a campus with a student population only one-quarter Greek, it is unfair that a majority of leadership positions are held by Greeks. I will not pretend to answer that question from an omniscient point of view, nor will I pretend to speak for the entire Greek system. I can only offer my personal observations from my time at Auburn University: that leadership depends on the individual and not the affiliation.

At the root of this notion of Greek power-mongering, I think, is a general misconception of the Greek system. The "Booze and Babes" doctrine which I originally believed seems to be the popularly held notion of Greek life. Intoxication and indul-

gence are seen by many to be the chief rewards of membership in a Greek organization. Couple this image with the concept that Greeks are wealthy and pampered, and one has the makings for a perfect prejudice, an ideal scapegoat for the competitive reality of college life. I will not say that this idea is totally and unequivocally false, but the Greek organization that remains true to its goals and purpose is one that fosters the cultivation of mature men and women, not the prolonging of adolescence. And if you think that the

development of character... The opportunity for wide and wise human service, through mutual respect and helpfulness, is the tenet by which we strive to live."

This foundation, stressing the positive growth of the individual, inevitably leads to a high percentage of leaders. I find support for this opinion on both local and national levels. Many of Auburn University's foremost professors and administrators have been and are currently active in Greek organizations, including President William Muse. On a broader scale, many leaders in national government and industry have fraternity or sorority backgrounds. President Ronald Reagan and Barbara Bush are but

The qualities of a leader are vision, discipline, wisdom and integrity...

Greek system exists only as an outlet for the extra spending money of spoiled rich kids, my bank statement (as well as those of most other Greeks) will tell a very different story.

It is certainly true that the majority of campus leadership positions are held by Greeks. But is this number the result of a conspiracy of exclusion, or is it simply the effect of Greek emphasis on individual growth? The very act of pledging a fraternity or sorority indicates a willingness to participate, a desire to be a part of extracurricular activities. A person of the type attracted by the Greek system tends to give personal achievement a high priority in his or her life. I believe that the significance of the Greek system lies in its ability to nurture and fulfill this desire. As stated in the National Panhellenic Creed, Greek organizations "stand for service through the

two examples. Even the entertainment industry has been shaped and continues to be influenced by Greeks -- John Wayne, Johnny Carson, Kevin Costner, David Letterman (okay, I admit, there's one Greek who definitely has extra spending money), and so forth.

Personally, I have learned not only from the lofty standards of the Greek system, but from the very experience of being a part of Greek life. Being in a sorority has taught me more about myself than any lab or textbook. I have learned more about organization, social skills, cooperation, and dedication than I thought possible. It is amazing how just being locked up with two hundred girls in a very small chapter room for two weeks can teach you more about winning friends and influencing people than any book ever could. Combining these experiences with

(CONTINUED...)

Greek Politics

by T. Franklin Harris, Jr.

For persons wishing to enter the world of politics, there is no better place to start than the campus of a major university— Auburn University, for instance. The college campus, after all, is simply a microcosm of the larger society. Thus, campus politics tends to mirror real politics — with all the sophistry, idiocy, and general unpleasantness that such mirroring entails. In layman's terms, politics on the campus of Auburn University is just as screwed up as the political system that gave us Richard Nixon, Jimmy Carter, and now Bill Clinton.

Happy, happy. Joy, joy.

It is commonly held that the political institutions at Auburn are under the almost exclusive control of the Greeks. That is, Greeks as in fraternity and sorority members; not as in Plato and Aristotle. A quick look at the makeup of the Student Government Association does indeed reveal that fraternity and sorority members control the vast majority of positions. And can anyone remember the last non-Greek SGA president?

Perhaps it is fitting that the Greek institutions should dominate campus politics. It was the Greeks — ancient Greeks this time — who invented democracy in the first place. In fact, they did the "democracy thing" so well that it eventually destroyed them.

Since it can be statistically demonstrated that Greek organizations are represented in the SGA in proportions greater than their total proportion on campus would indi-

cate, one is left with the obvious question: "Why?" There are conspiracy-theory explanations— the sorts of things near and dear to the hearts of people who thought Ross Perot would have made a great president. However, there is no need to resort to theories of deception and underhandedness to explain the electoral dominance of fraternities and sororities. In fact, the privileged position enjoyed by Greek societies is actually a natural outcome of the political system as constituted on campus.

...the political institutions at Auburn are under the almost exclusive control of the Greeks.

Believe it or not, Auburn University — the student-run end of it anyway — is a democracy. We do not have to suffer whims of some bozo imposed upon us by the university administration. No, we get to pick our own. Now to the crucial point: all democratic political institutions are subject to interest group politics. Political power is obtained by those who get the most votes. Many votes are worth more than a single vote. Thus, it is only logical for people with similar views, interests, concerns, to pool their resources in order to enhance their ability to influence decision makers.

On college campuses, fraternities and sororities make for ready-made interest groups. Greek societies have their own collective agendas. Furthermore, any individual fraternity or sorority member desiring to hold elective office starts off with the

advantage of loyal supporters — fellow Greeks who expect the potential officeholder to be a strong ally. These supporters can provide money, manpower, and — last but certainly not least — a significant bloc of votes, given the historically low voter turnout on campus. With such organizational advantage, the Greek community should prevail in campus elections.

Greek dominance is not the result of a vast conspiracy or a biased electoral system. It is simply the logical outcome given the dynamics at work in the campus political system -- democracy at work.

Of course, it is certainly possible that other organizations (minor-league political action committees) could be formed to counter Greek influence and add diversity to the SGA. If it possessed any political savvy, Students for Progress could potentially become a liberal counterweight to the generally conservative leanings of the Greeks. In that event, the sophistry that currently passes for "debate" on this campus might be replaced by a human equivalent of cock-fighting. The resulting gridlock could only be beneficial for the majority of students on campus. And speaking of the majority, how about a political action committee for independent students who are tired of seeing their student activity fees raised? Think about it.

Still, it remains doubtful that any other political group could recreate the sense of cohesiveness entertained by the Greek societies. A "fellow member" is simply not the same as a "brother" or "sister." The

(CONTINUED...)

(Leadership - Continued)

the Greek philosophy itself has made me a better individual and a better potential leader.

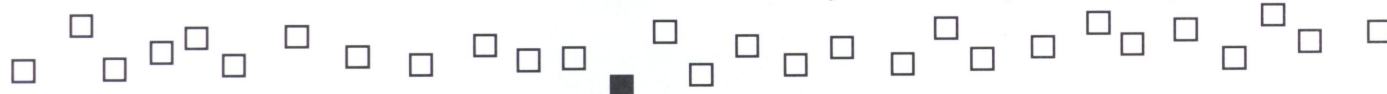
Knowing this emphasis on individual growth and excellence, it is important to further clarify the goals of Greek life. The aim of the Greek system is only to inspire leadership, not to dominate it. Unfortunately, some universities in this country (and within our own state) contain Greek systems that are influence-peddling "machines," instruments of power which intimidate non-Greeks and generally lower the quality of student life. At Auburn University, however, the Greek system is only one more player in campus life. It does not control elections or participate in under-the-table dealings. If Auburn's fraternities and sororities existed only to carry out these goals of manipulation, no non-Greek names

would ever even be found on a University Elections ballot, much less be elected to office.

In my years at Auburn, I have seen and been involved in numerous campaigns. I grant you that the efficient organization of a fraternity or sorority can help in campaigns, but Greek membership is not a prerequisite for leadership on this campus. For example, all recent editors of the *Glomerata* have been independents. A recent Miss Auburn, Debbie Davis, was an independent. If Auburn Greeks are better represented in campus offices than independents, it is only from the sheer number of Greeks voting or the high percentage of Greeks who run for office in the first place. The disproportionate rate of Greeks to non-Greeks in high positions does not result from collusion or conspiracy, but from the high ideals of involvement and activity of the

Greek system itself.

I do not believe that only fraternity or sorority members possess the drive or potential to become leaders or that Greek life is the only route to becoming a better person. The essential ingredients of leadership are not the letters on a pin or the Greek symbols on a bumper sticker. The qualities of a leader are vision, discipline, wisdom, and integrity -- none of which are held in monopoly by Greeks or by independents. The beauty I have seen at Auburn University is that, for one possessing these attributes, the opportunities are not bound by externals like a fraternity or sorority. They are bound only by personal determination. At Auburn University, leadership is not a source of domination or a quality dependent on Greek membership. It depends only on the content of one's heart, not the presence of a pin over it.



(Politics - Continued)

"family identity" and loyalty among members of the same fraternity or sorority just does not exist between, say, the members of the Auburn Ping Pong Club. Go figure. At any rate, no group would be as politically effective as the Greeks — who would still have a disproportionate amount of influence.

So what is to be done? Well, we could institute a party system just like the adults in the real world have. Parties, instead of interest groups, would provide voting blocs and campaign support. Picture it. There could be the C-Zone parking space Party, the Free Condom Distribution Party, and the Fix the Elevators in Haley Center Party. Unfortunately, this still does not seem to solve our Greek problem. You see, there might also be the Fraternity and Sorority Power Preservation Party. And if a specific Greek party were not formed,

the Greeks could still take over the parties that did not exist. Oh, darn it! The Greek-bashers just can't seem to get a break.

Of course, all of the above discussion assumes that Greek control of campus politics is a bad thing. History would seem to indicate that the domination of a political mechanism by any group is undesirable. Consider Yugoslavia — or rather what used to be Yugoslavia. In that misbegotten little nation, the government was controlled almost exclusively by ethnic Serbians. Being a non-Serbian in Yugoslavia is very dangerous. This is not to say that the Greeks have it in for all us independents.

So if you do not like the fact that the fraternities and sororities control campus politics — tough. It is almost certain that the political system cannot be reformed. We could abol-

ish Greek societies, of course, but that action would require the sort of political muscle that only the Greeks can muster. Catch 22.

Anyone interested in ending Greek political dominance will have to support the final solution: not the abolition of the fraternities and sororities, but the abolition of the very political institution they control — the Student Government Association. The problem is not that a particular group controls student government. Rather, it is the existence of student government. This step is, of course, radical to say the least. It would require many campus groups to fend for themselves rather than have student money "appropriated" for them by the SGA. So in the final analysis, it is quite literally the Greeks or nothing. Nothing, anyone?





Untitled
Anne M. Estes



39.4 per gallon
Kevin Owens



Bicycle
JAM

Shiver

by Chris Campagna

shiver the wind blows
through my button-holes
but does not stop

there as it leaks in
the pores of my skin
and makes a way

past the gut and yet
manages to quit
still leaves a rime

of echoes in air
and remembrances where
the empty laughs

to a warm body
shakes all energy
from a vibrance

latent in that new
chase narrows into
free barren flow

REAL STARS

by Marie G. Hodges

At the age of seven, a year after her mother died, Lorna Oates knew that her father was a liar. She had come to that realization one afternoon while she and her sisters were riding in the back seat of her father's Mercury. It was 1956.

"I'm on my way to the bank," her father said to their neighbor as they were pulling out of the driveway. Mr. Cassady was watering his rose garden, something he did daily because the sandy soil of central Florida allowed the water to run through like a sieve.

"I've got a lot of money in the car with me," Lorna's father said to Mr. Cassady. "I've got to make a big deposit." Mr. Cassady smiled at Lorna and began to say something, but Lorna's father was already driving away, the warped front tire causing the car to shudder as it picked up speed.

hanging in the hall. Sometimes, when Lorna couldn't sleep at night, she would take the picture down and sit in the hall looking at every detail. Her mother's hair had been dark, and Lorna would finger her own dark hair until she became sleepy again. Then she would return the photograph to its place on the wall and go back to bed.

"Where do you girls want to go after we go to the bank?" her father asked. "Any place you want, just pick it." He was looking at them through the rear view mirror. Jeannette said she wanted to go to the movies and Greta told him the soda shop, but Lorna's father was looking at Lorna.

"What about you?" he asked. "You haven't said where you want to go."

"Any place," she said, meeting her father's eyes in the mirror. But

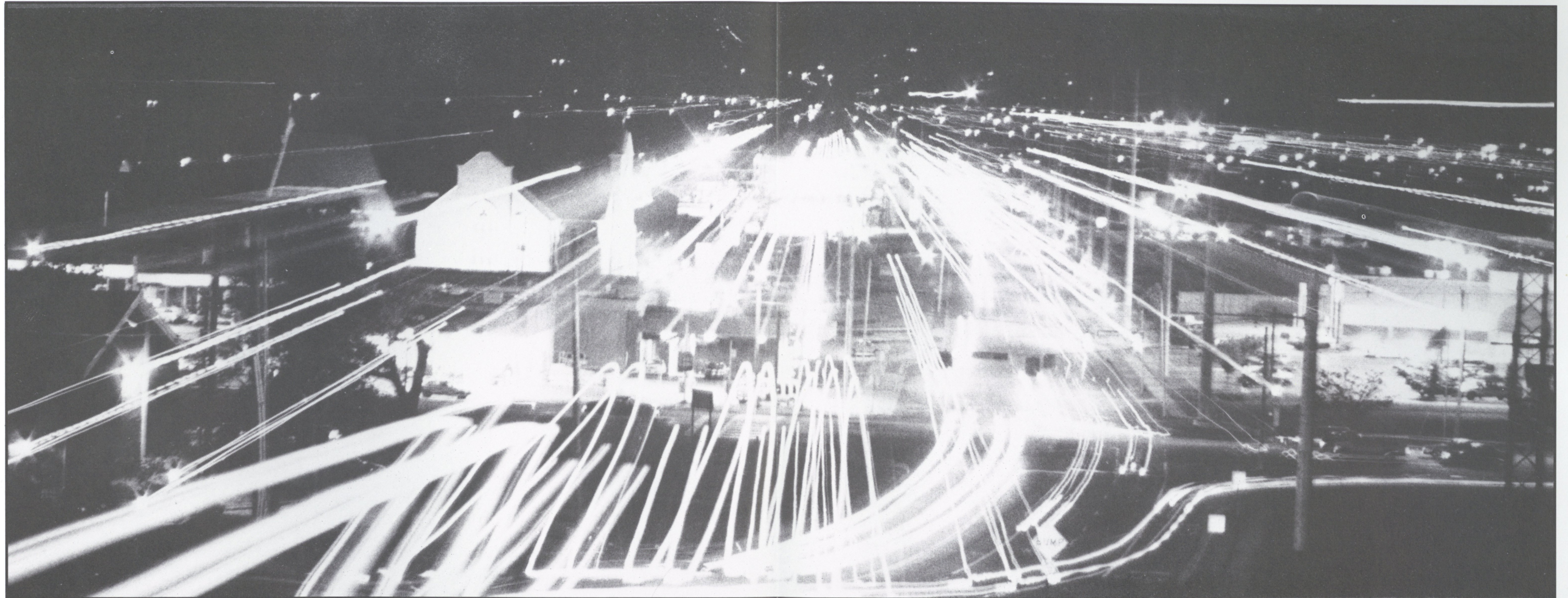
She knew that the quarters, nickels, and dimes in these bags didn't belong to him...

Lorna looked out the window, thinking about the money in the big red bags on the seat beside her father. She knew that the quarters, nickels, and dimes in these bags didn't belong to him; they belonged to the company he worked for. "Silver Stars Vending Machines," it said on the sides of the bags, and underneath were three silver stars. Lorna's father was taking the coins to the First National Bank of Ocala to deposit them in the company's account.

When they turned east onto Highway 40, Lorna's sisters were arguing over the last stick of gum. Jeannette was six and Greta only five. "They look like Father," Lorna thought as she watched their blond heads bent together in their struggle. She grabbed the twisted stick of Beech-nut and tore it in two, giving one half to Greta and the other to Jeannette. Lorna didn't look like her father—or at least she didn't think that she looked like him. She remembered the photograph of her mother

she knew they wouldn't go anywhere. Her father would come up with some excuse, and they would return home without ever having gotten out of the car. That was the way it always happened now that her mother was gone.

It was twenty-seven miles from Dunnellon, where the Oateses lived, to the small city of Ocala. Lorna looked out the car window at the cattle farms. The Angus, standing nose to tail, tail to nose in the shade of the live oaks, crowded under the branches to escape the hot Florida sun. Lorna remembered going to Ocala once with her mother. Her father had promised to take them shopping, and they had walked the downtown streets all day, looking in every store window. Lorna had seen a snow dome in one of these windows, with three tiny figures inside the glass: a man, a woman, and a small girl. They were Christmas carollers, bundled up in coats and scarves. Lorna had never seen snow, and she gazed at the toy, mesmer-



City Explosion

Kevin Owens



Work and School: Can it be done?

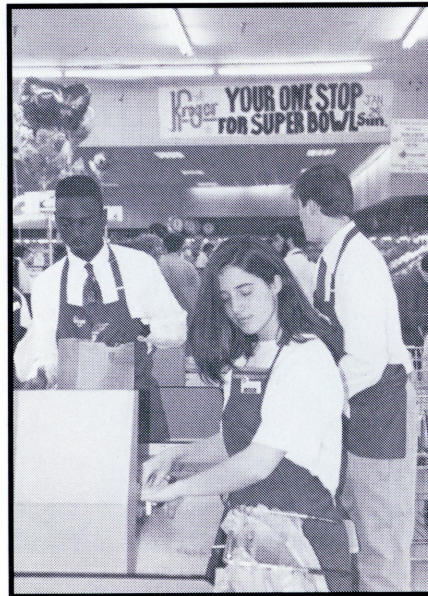
by Tonya Ponds

It's 5:30a.m., and, as always, Karla OD'ell (04NFS) makes a point to eat a balanced breakfast. This is going to be one of her busiest days. After she eats, she showers, dresses and heads to school to make her 8:00 class.

It's Thursday, so her first break is from 12:30 to 1:00. But she only spends it studying. Usually, her breakfast was big enough to not have to eat. She gets out of class at 2:30 and works on campus from 3:00 to 4:00. She eats again when she gets home, but today she goes to her other job. She goes in at 5:00.

OD'ell, like many college students, works while going to school. Statistics show that about 18.5 percent of Auburn University students work on campus. But this figure, of course, does not reflect those off campus.

What's it like to work and go to school? Experiences vary, but the reasons seems to point in the same



Photograph by Jason Smith

direction--money.

"I work because I have to," said Jean Pearson (02PB), who's employed at a local pizza restaurant. "But if I didn't have to, I still would. I just wouldn't work as much."

Pearson works about 25 to 30 hours a week, depending on the number of tests or projects due. And be-

cause her time is so limited, she had to learn some time management.

"[Working and going to school] doesn't allow much time for anything else, and it does make for a long day...I do most of my studying on campus because I've found I do better [that way].

"Sometimes I'm just too tired after work to study," she said.

Time to study can become a problem for students who work. School is the priority, but for many, if they don't work, they are unable to go to school. These students study whenever and, in some cases, wherever they can. They're not always happy with their grades, but they see it as a reality they have to except.

"Sometimes you have to prioritize and see what's more important that week...If I need the money...school will suffer so I can pay my bills.

"My grades are O.K., but if I didn't work, I'm not sure my grades would be better...My job makes me a little more motivated, and I'll do something if I know I have to work. If I didn't work, I'd probably put it off until the last minute," Pearson said.

Another issue is the stress involved. For some, it's not always continuous, but they all seem to face it. However, they see and handle it different ways.

"This quarter I play basketball on an intramural team," said Mike Scheiderich (04IND), a library desk assistant on campus. "I also have some friends to talk to.

"But other than that, you have to strive on the stress, or get energy from it, to succeed. Otherwise, you'll fall apart. It's mastering the stress; making it work for you."

But when asked if he always mastered it, he answered laughing.

"It's given me ulcer before, and [that wasn't mastering it]," he said.

Nevertheless, all these students seem to allot themselves some "time off."

The basic philosophy is that if



Photograph by Jason Smith

you don't take a break sometime, you can "go crazy."

Sometimes this break becomes some extra hours of sleep, and sometimes it's time alone or spent with friends. But this free time, however many hours, becomes essential.

"Once a week I come to a point and say I've really worked hard, and I deserve some time off. [Sometimes] I'll go to basketball games and just study later," said Eric Brunner (04JM), who currently holds two jobs-- one on and one off campus.

"Also, I set aside a couple of

hours on Mondays and Friday nights to enjoy my friends and spend the evenings with them," he said.

Likewise, Stephen Burge (04VZY), resident manager of a local apartment complex, says he makes a point to "squeeze in time for some fun."

But although he says he appreciates this free time and that working teaches him how to manage his time, he's learned another important lesson--the value of money.

"I can make 20 bucks go a long way. It usually has to last me a week and a half," he said.

"I pay for my food, telephone and entertainment, and I still barely get by.

"I also have a credit card I'm responsible for," he said.

But is it worth it? The answer was an unanimous yes.

Students say the lessons learned far out weigh the lack of sleep or some more extra time out on the town. Working while going to school readies them for life after college.

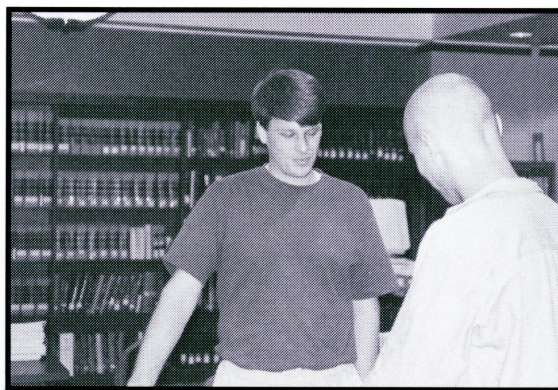
"It builds character,"

said Anthony Brown (04MIS), who currently holds one job but at one time held two. "I have a stronger work ethic, and, once out in the real world, I know you have to sacrifice now to receive benefits and rewards later."

But in the meantime, a student said, you're a more cheerful learner if you actually like your job.

Now it's 10:15 and OD'ell is back home. She usually feels tired at the end of the day, but she starts planning for tomorrow.

On Fridays, she doesn't have class, but she may have to work. She'll go in at 6:00 a.m.



Photograph by Jason Smith

Black Coffee

by David Dyas

You spit out the first sip
from your father's cup

longing to lose the bitterness
of that dark reality.

You carry the aftertaste
on your tongue and the rest

of your life it still grows stronger.
No one can lose the taste.

You learn to depend on it,
the night sky mixed with tar

in plastic mugs you find
everywhere: in all-nite

diners and schizophrenic
doughnut shops we've all been in.

The cup warms your palm
and you feel the grey dawn melt

into the yellow morning.
You praise the warmth as you toast

the sky and swallow
one last gulp of night.

GUATEMALA

by Wynne Johnson

Featured on "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous," Guatemala is the northernmost republic in Central America and is approximately the size of Tennessee. With fabulous black sand beaches, the historical Mayan Ruins, and both active and dormant volcanoes, Guatemala is one of the world's most beautiful and exciting tourist attractions. Consequently, a large majority of Guatemalan Indians, stricken by the economic and political upheavals in the country, depend on the tourism industry for their survival.

Last summer, I was among thirty-six Auburn students who traveled to Guatemala for a month to study Spanish. Some of us already knew each other, but for the most part we were all strangers. Due to a temporary misplacement of some luggage (probably in Honduras or El Salvador), not to mention the language barrier some of the first year Spanish students had, we quickly became acquainted out of necessity.

My first impression of Guatemala was on the scary side. For the first four hours after we landed, those of us who had flown in from Miami hung out at the Guatemala City airport waiting for the other flights to arrive. Inside of the airport there were a lot of poor Indian families

stuffed on and around all of the benches on the main thoroughfare staring at us without emotion as we walked past. The bathroom was very worn out, only one stall still had a door. Outside, on the street where our bus was parked, were dilapidated buildings, poor people begging us to buy flowers, and crazy drivers zip-ping around, blowing their horns continuously. Luckily, the problem was that the airport is located in a bad section of the city. The other places we visited were beautiful, and Antigua, where we lived, was delightful.

The word *antigua* means "the antique" in Spanish, and the city lives up to its name. Cobblestone streets pass by fabulous cathedrals, and the city is filled with fascinating ruins hit by the earthquake of 1538. The people are very friendly and traditional. Girls do not go out on dates unless accompanied by a family member, and they do not even do this until they are in their late teens. Many of the Indians live in or around Antigua, and their attire is loose-fitting and colorfully woven (much like the woven skirts and embroidered shirts that have become so popular around campus).

One curious thing I noticed while exploring Antigua is that the more European-looking Guatemaltecos live behind walls that line the streets. Often a single door opens onto a huge courtyard, a grandiose house, and two or more cars. Usually, the more elegant doors are entrances to the nicest property. Also, the super-rich always have lots of broken glass lining the top of the wall.

Our group traveled to resorts and touristy sites on the weekends, although Antigua itself is considered one of Guatemala's hot spots. We traveled to the Mayan ruins at Tikal (the temple in the Reebok commer-



Photograph by
Caroline Jones



Photograph by Caroline Jones

cial), Lake Atitlan, and Chichicastenango. At all of these places, we were overwhelmed by people trying to sell us jade, cloth, pottery, etc., but Chichicastenango was the craziest. You could find everything! And the more Spanish you spoke the more you could bargain. We left with blankets, jackets, swords, purses, hats -- you name it, we bought it. Chichicastenango was definitely a highlight of our trip.

Another exciting thing our group did was to hike three hours to the top of an active volcano. The whole way up we could hear rum-

bling, and no one really knew if we should go to the very top. But we figured if we had come this far, we could not stop. The wind was really whipping around us, and we could not see far because of all the clouds and steam. Another girl and I were at the front of the group, behind the first four guys who had run a little ahead. Well, just as we lost sight of them, the ground started to shake, there was a huge boom, the guys started screaming, and the volcano erupted some rocks right in front of us! We were all fine, but we felt *so* helpless. It was really eerie. Anyway, less

than two hours after we had hiked down, the volcano erupted with lava. Pretty thrilling, eh?

During the week, we spent most of our time with our host families, in class, or out with friends. We studied at the Christian Spanish Academy, and our teacher:student ratio

was 1:1. The majority of our meals were eaten at home with our host families. While each meal usually lasted well over an hour, we never minded, because our families always had lots of questions and jokes. It was a great time to practice our Spanish. After dinner, if we had finished our homework, our group walked to different bars in Antigua or went dancing at dance bars in Guatemala City.

Overall, the trip to Guatemala was incredible. It enabled each of us to really put our Spanish to use in an enjoyable and friendly environment. I am not going to say that there were not some surprises, but after a month of fun and excitement, not many of us were ready to come home.



Photograph by Wynne Johnson



Huntsville's Finest
Kevin Owens

Will Not Consume

by Jake Adam York

I

Every afternoon and Sunday
morning Father would lift the linen
he placed over the Ford
to keep pollen and tassels from the red
smooth shine (his careful handiwork
printless like the ocean), and kneel,
and wax away the long hours
as the corn died.

Each pane, stripe, and light burned
in the sun, clearer than anything
in five counties, brighter than stars and sun-
sprinkled rivers, clearer,
by far, than the Coosa. His blood
fermented in the tank, and he shined.
The seat smelled of the dead,
like hospitals and grandmothers.
Father wore it, too, slowly
turning to vinyl.

II

I remember my way through the grey-
green weeds (images of old photos imposed
on my childhood memories) past
the house (moist with termite spit and drowned
in kudzu) where I kept my corngrain bed,
past the truck's dark hulk, faded
from the burn of thirty years'
constant summer, crushed beneath
the trunk of an oak. Only the crowscare's post
stands above the brambles. No stalks
have grown for years. Georgia pines lean
closer to the house, and planks part
like lips in a prayer for rain.

Through defunct cylinders copperheads
twist, pistons leaning in silence above
warm chambers of breeding serpents.
The 1956 F150 grows thin,
specks away like my scrapbook
memory, standing still after all these years—
that which my father deemed too great to bear
the salt of the earth, that which nature
will not consume.

A Cloud Boy's Son

by Mark Smith

I

It's only September, the cold Illinois winds haven't even begun to blow yet, but I feel like I just swallowed a hunk of ice that refuses to melt. Instead it creates a feeling not of something you would describe as cold, but rather like the absence of any warmth, and the feeling spreads until you're not warm or cold, just numb.

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away... as the reverend begins to preach louder and more solemnly my mind begins to drift to the one thought I have had ever since they told me big mama was dead. Alone. I am all alone. A tear escapes my eye leaving a stinging sensation to let me know it's gone. It runs down my cheek and gets caught in the small crevice of my face that on any other day might have formed my smile. The pathetic little boy, that's what everyone must think. But, I can't help it. I look up at the overcast sky and it seems to mimic the stirring to life of the storm inside me. I feel myself begin to tremble, like a twitch began with my bottom lip then worked its way outward. My body shakes against the stiff, oversized, black and white suit I'm wearing, and it feels unbearable, its awkwardness reminding me that I am not its true owner, that I couldn't even say good-bye to my big mama in something that's mine. It makes me feel like I have nothing, like everything in my world is borrowed and at any time the true owner can take it all away leaving me naked and empty.

My thoughts are interrupted as I hear two women, who are supposed to be relatives of mine, but whom I've never seen before, say, "Ain't it a shame what's gonna happen to dat boy and his family..." They stop talking when they notice me staring at them. The fattest one smiles at me like she knows, as if she actually cared two cents about me or my family. I want to yell at them, "I'll be just

fine thank you very much!", but I just looked away. I don't want them to see me in my pain, they haven't earned that right. I try to choke back the tears I sense building inside me, like the mouth of a river dammed too long erupting during a flood. But, it's hopeless. Why did you leave me? You're all I had! You were the only one that really loved me, that listened, that understood.

"We commend this soul unto you, O Lord, to give the soul of Mrs. Emma Ann Henry Oats the benefit of your eternal peace." I look at the figure in the long box, searching for any sign of this divine peace, and I find none.

I wonder how this thing in the long box could truly be my big mama. The figure wears its clothes with all the lifelessness of a scarecrow dangling on a pole, without so much as a gentle breeze to give it the likeness of life. The more I look at her, the more she looks like some dolled up scarecrow put in an awkward, comfortless position, but forced to stay that way forever; lifeless.

The thing in that box would never teach me secret, wonderful things, or cook things that made the whole house smell like it was delicious, like even an ordinary table leg could be transformed into a mouth-watering feast. That was how strong the magic seemed that emanated from her pots. She would never again look at me with those quick, sparkling eyes, that were seldom hidden by the host of wrinkles that surrounded them, and say, "Someday, someday you're going to be somebody! Someday you're going to be a man!" with pride in her voice like it was just a matter of time. Then she'd smile, revealing her teeth that weren't exactly straight, but were always a brilliant white. I always felt honored because big mama didn't give that smile to just anyone. No sir, you had to be special!

That smile. I'd never see it again. Suddenly the magnitude of what all this means echoed through me as

though I were a cave about to collapse in on itself. It feels as if a hole, like the one they will soon lower big mama into, has been dug out of my heart. I hear myself say, "It's not fair, it's not, it's just not!", and I sound like someone else.

A hand is put on my shoulder, large massive hands that are covered with a maze of veins like the roots of a tree. A dying tree with its roots exposed above the ground. The tree carries with it the smell of blood, of things dead and rotting, and I know the hand belongs to my father.

He is standing beside me with the look of being tired or angry, I can never tell the difference, with the smell of the slaughterhouse, where he works, clinging to him. He is wearing a suit. I've never seen him in a suit before, usually on Sundays he stays home and sleeps. He seems like an odd combination, the funny look of a born laborer in city clothes, yet carrying the authoritative smell of death. Unconsciously, I pull away from him. When I realize what I am doing, I look up at him expecting

to see his forehead split into ridges, then pour to the point between his eyebrows and reveal that all too familiar frown. But, instead he looks at me almost with concern, with interest. I look harder at him in anxious hope, needing to see more, but he looks away from me and stares at the hole in the ground as if there's busy activity in it he dare not miss.

I can hear mama on the other side of him. I want to say, "I know mama, I know, I loved her, too." But she's on the other side of him. I want

to wrap my arms around her waist and press my face against her bosom and cry and cry, and by my crying give her release and we can cry together. Two people who loved big mama like no one else, sobbing in unison like a lone thundercloud drenching the land and shaking the country--side with our soulful thunder, but she's on the other side, like always.

I see the side of her face covered in tears. Her beautiful face. People say I have her eyes. I hope not, because even though her eyes look full, like they see everything, they are

that only the reverend hears, so if you want to sing along you got to stay on beat with him. I'm surprised they're not hoopin' and hollarin' and "gettin' happy," as big mama used to say, the way they do on Sundays. I guess gettin' the spirit isn't polite at funerals.

I look up at the sky, at its still greyness. I think it might... and as if on cue, a droplet of rain baptizes my face. I feel like this is the land's way of saying good-bye to big mama, maybe even God's way. Looking from the sky I find myself staring at the pulley above the waiting grave.

Its rusty cradle dangles the hook above us, while the strained creak of the rope and metal give it an ominous sound. Like as soon as we're gone it will be employed in some despicable manner. I am transfixed by its high position, if big mama were here she'd..."JUNIOR! Damn it, boy, yo head's always somewhere yobody ain't! Now come on and let the grave diggers do their business, 'fore there ain't nothin' but a big puddle o' water to put ya

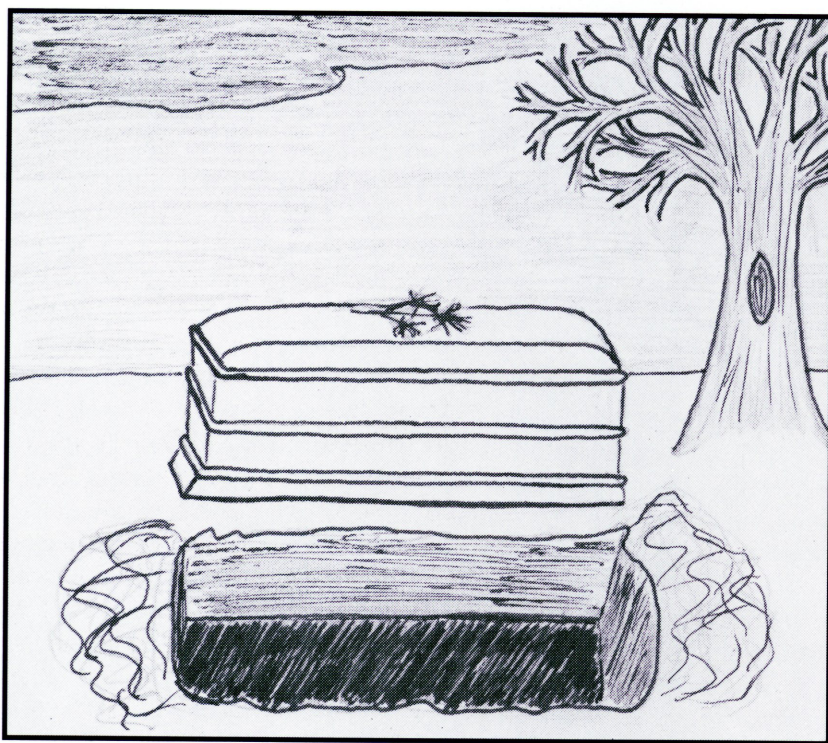


Illustration by Wynne Johnson

really blind to most things. At least they are when it comes to me. Daddy's arm is around her, and he has pulled her close. Although the smell of him frightens me, I would happily endure it to be a part of their embrace.

I look at all the other people. Some are crying, others are just looking sad. There's the group of fat old ladies that are always humm--in' and amen--in' and sayin' well and thank ya, Jesus with the rise and fall of the reverend's voice, like there's music

granmama in." "It's over, the funeral's over?" I ask dumbly, expecting something more after the way the reverend'd talked about it. "That's it, boy, what else you expect to see?" I want to say angels, maybe, a bright light in the sky, a bush on fire, something from the Bible big mama used to keep next to her bed and read to me, when she couldn't recall when the last time she read to me was. But I know better than to say that. "Nothing I guess." Daddy let out a breath that always made me feel stupid or

something.

I feel myself on the verge of crying, and I hear a voice, barely a whisper from some part of my mind, say, "Now you stand up straight, you hear! And wipe that sad look off your face, I haven't seen any thing that low since Clarence Johnson's last spelling test grade." What? Who? My mind is reeling, that's big mama's voice, I'd know it anywhere. She's here! She's here in my mind, she hasn't left me after all. I knew it! I open my eyes and see the slouched-over figure of my mama on the wagon. The wagon! I whirl around, breaking free of my father. I've got to get back to big mama, to see her once more. My feet feel like they're in a dream as the fresh mud and rain seek to slow me down. But, I'm gonna make it back to her,

and as I feel the warm tears on my cheeks, I smile. As my left foot tries to plant itself, my right slips backward acting with my momentum to send me hurling into a pool of mud.

As I pull my mud--shrouded head from the ground, I can, for the first time, hear something besides my big mama's voice. The pounding footsteps of my father barreling down on me with the darkness of his frown covering his face. He is yelling something, but I can't hear him. My world is the explosion of rain around me like the loud crackling of green wood burning and her voice, big mama's voice, callin' me.

I reach the open grave, the lid of the coffin is nailed shut, and she's lowered halfway into the hole. One of the grave diggers looks at me and says, "Boy, yo granmama's dead, you goin' with your Pa, ya hear me, she's in the Lord's hands now, and there ain't no bringin' her back." "No, she's not!" I scream over the rain. "I can hear her!" And that's true, I can hear her voice with its perfect speech chatter away in my head. Why already she's scolded me for saying gettin' and callin', and all

the rest. I can hear her saying, "If you don't have the sense God gave you to talk intelligently, then have the sense to keep your mouth shut!" Then she starts mumbling about ignorant black folk and how if you'd give her a big enough schoolhouse and a belt that wouldn't wear out she'd set everything right. A smile spread over my wet face. Yeah, she is still here.

My father yanks my arm, twirling me around to face him. He belows at me something about being covered in mud and what was goin' through my fool head, but I just smile. "She's here!" I scream, and his face becomes one of bewilderment. He picks me up and carries me to the wagon, away from big mama. But, I don't fight him; I don't have to. He puts me in the wagon and drapes

"Ulysses, Mississippi,
is a long way,
a long way."

something over me. I look up and see my mother looking at me with the same bewildered, concerned look. I feel like I'm totally in a dream state as the wagon lurches forward, and we begin the wagon ride home. I hear Daddy talking to Mama, "The whiteman says we got to be out by tomorrow and no use cryin about it. We knew we'd have to move out soon as she took sick. We been so poor lately we been havin to borrow prayers to get in the Lord's good graces. I already sent word to Pa he's expecting us." All my mother can say is, "Ulysses, Mississippi, is a long way, a long way." Then her voice trails off as if there was a heap more she wants to say, but the words won't come out.

After that I can't hear anything else except for the strained whine of the wheels pulling against the muddy road, and, of course, the vigilant, soothing sound of my big mama's voice. And as I feel her voice guiding me into sleep I know that she will never truly leave me, that she will be with me anywhere I go, even Ulysses, Mississippi.

II

I awake to the smell of the biscuits and sausage, and the sound of the clanking pans, like music calling me to the treasures they hold. I look at my parents' bed expecting to see the peacefulness of their sleeping faces. But the bed is empty. That's strange, because I'm usually the first up. Why big mama and me have usually halfway finished breakfast and begun talking about something interesting -- like our most frequent topic, deciding what story she was going to read to me or better what kind of story she was going to make up - before they finally come in the kitchen. Today they're already gone. Maybe I overslept, maybe they would eat all the biscuits. I never stayed to watch how many biscuits they ate, they probably eat a lot, especially Daddy. Maybe they forgot about me and didn't save any, which is very possible. At the thought of that, I get dressed as fast as I can. My senses seem to yell at me to hurry. My eyes eager to view the thick, fluffiness of the biscuits and watch as the steam floats off their light brown tops in a beckoning dance. My mouth ready to taste the buttery flavor covered in the sweetness of big mama's homemade syrup. As their voices become too much to bear, I run through the creaky hallway to the kitchen where I hear big mama humming her church music.

As I get closer to the kitchen doorway, my senses seem to be telling me different things. The biscuits seem to have a strange oatmeal smell and I don't hear big mama's humming anymore, it sounds more like talking. Oh, no!, what if they ate all the biscuits and made me plain old oatmeal, and now they're talking about how I deserve it 'cause I overslept. I can see it now. I'm going to walk in there and see the empty biscuit pan sitting on the stove, the fire inside it used to bake the biscuits dwindled down to a whisper, and a bowl of hastily made

oatmeal sitting on the table. And Daddy, Mama, and big mama looking at me as if to say this is just what comes to late risers.

But that is not the scene I see. I see chaos. I see all big mama's pots and pans, the tools for her kitchen magic, heaped on the table or stacked on the floor, along with countless other now magicless kitchen utensils. The only thing that is the way I expected is the cold bowl of oatmeal sitting on the table with the other pots and pans and the dead fire in the stove. My mama is bent over halfway in the cabinet disgorging the remainder of its contents, the sound of which is the total opposite of their musical clanking I heard just a minute ago.

The talking I hear is not coming from the kitchen at all, but rather the adjoining room. Through the open door I can see my father neatly dressed, talking to a whiteman. The whiteman is smoking a cigar, something big mama never allowed in the house, with a look of disgusting control. He seemed to have the air of a mean dog walking into your yard and crapping in just the place you're most used to standing, and enjoying it.

I look back at my mother busily taking down everything that has meant home to me, I look at my father, normally indominately, authoritative, now fidgeting in front of this whiteman, with a queer look on his face, and I feel mad. "What are you doing?!" I yell. "Stop it! Stop it!"



Stephanie Says She's Naked But She Ain't
Mike Goodson

Four Glimpses of Night

by Susan Chaplin

1

Eagerly
Like a woman hurrying to her lover
Night comes to the room of the world
And lies, yielding and content
Against the cool round face
Of the moon.

2

Night is a curious child, wandering
Between the earth and sky, creeping
In windows and doors, daubing
The entire neighborhood
With purple paint.
Day
Is an apologetic mother
Cloth in hand
Following after.

3

Peddling
From door to door
Night sells
Black bags of peppermint stars
Heaping cones of vanilla moon
Until
His wares are gone
Then shuffles homeward
Jingling the gray coins
Of daybreak.

4

Night's brittle song, silver-thin
Shatters into a billion fragments
Of quiet shadows
At the blaring jazz
Of a morning sun.

A Maritime Evening

by David Dyas

The haggard shrimper rests
under the flicker of
white harbor lights

that flutter on tranquil
bay waters, separating
the black sea and sky.

He stares at his scaly
hands, worn from daily
pulling and casting

and thinks of every
grey morning as cold
as winter in every season.

Rubbing an eel-skin cheek
he remembers the torpid mid-day
that crowded the eerie chill

while sweat soaked, alone
on the waves, he raked
the ocean's rank harvest,

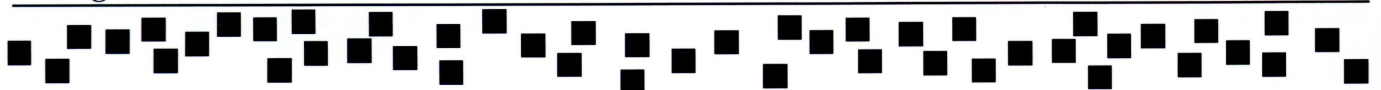
threw back the slime
covered chaff and stared
out to a bleary horizon.

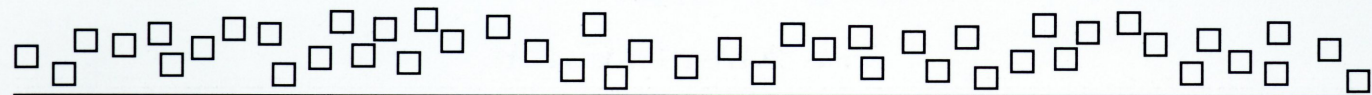
His boat is now docked,
the algae coated nets
dry on their cross

as he listens through
the aqueous black
to the sea oats' rattle.

And as he shuts his
mollusk eyelids,
plankton swarm his mind

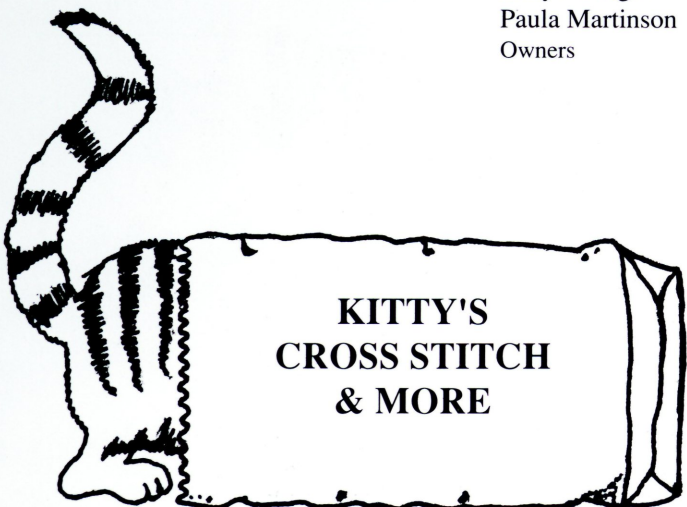
while his thoughts descend
and rest in a silty
trough at the ocean's floor.





XX

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XX

Submissions

The *Circle* accepts works from students, staff, and alumni of Auburn University.

Prose, poetry, and essays should be typed. All works are judged anonymously. Submissions on computer disk are acceptable. The *Circle* has access to IBM and Macintosh computers.

All artwork submitted remains in the *Circle* office and is photographed to reduce the risk of damage. We accommodate artwork of any size or shape. Collections of related works by artists or photographers are accepted for our gallery section.

If you would like your submission back, please come by two to three weeks after the submission deadline. Photographs being used may take longer.

All submissions become property of *The Auburn Circle* on a one-time printing basis only.

The deadline for submissions for the Spring 1993 issue is Wednesday, March 10, 1993. Bring your submissions to the *Circle* office, located in the Publications Suite in the basement of Foy Union. For more information about submissions or staff positions, call 844-4122, or write:

The Auburn Circle
Publications Suite
Foy Union Bldg.
Auburn University, AL 36849

The Auburn
CIRCLE
General Interest Magazine

The Auburn Circle, financed by advertising and student activity fees, serves the writers and artists within the university community. It aims to appeal to a diverse audience by providing a variety of features, essays, short stories, poetry, art, and photography. The *Circle* is published three times a year; fall, winter, and spring, with an average distribution of 4,000 copies. The views expressed throughout the issue are those of the authors, not necessarily those of the publisher (the Board of Student Communications), those companies advertising in the *Circle*, the *Circle* Editorial Board and staff, Auburn University, its administration, student body, or Board of Trustees.

Epilogue

This has been a very interesting year for the *Circle*, although I do not think there is ever a boring year for the *Circle*. There is always something that comes up and always a select group of people who are ready and willing to help. They will do anything to get the issue to the printer.


I would like to thank those people and also Dr. Wartan Jemian, the *Circle's* advisor for many years. A professor from the Mechanical Engineering department and the *Circle* made an odd pair, but in spite of everything Dr. Jemian stayed with the *Circle* and always supported it.

Colophon

This issue of *The Auburn Circle* was printed on 80-pound Potlach Mountie Matte paper by University Printing of Auburn, Alabama. The prose is set in 11-point Times. The poetry is in 14-point Palatino.



*The tradition
continues...*



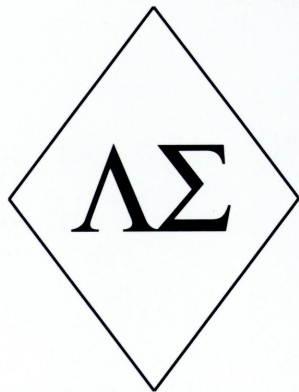
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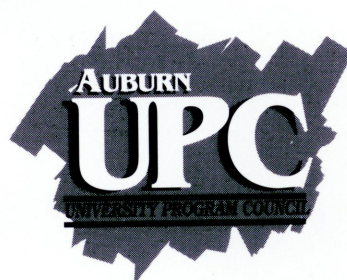
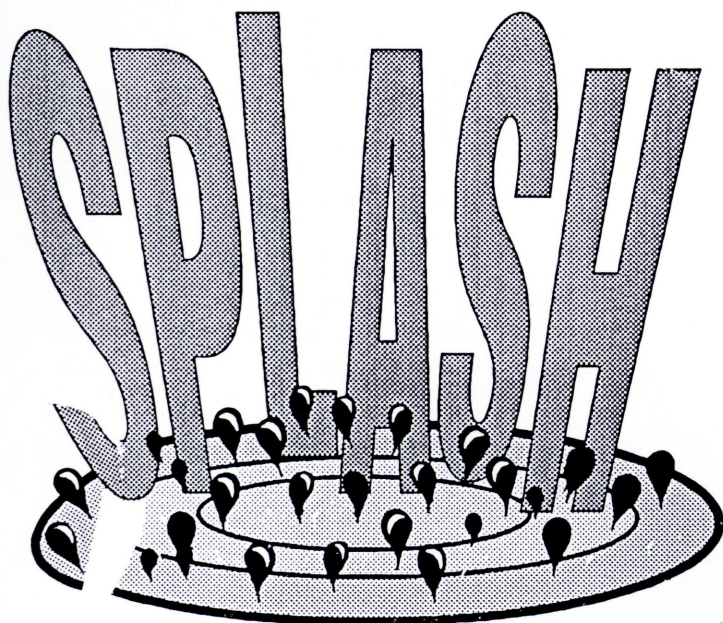


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